

## **Crosby, Still, Nash & Young** **"Woodstock"**

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Well I came upon a child of God  
He was walkin' along the road and I asked him  
"Tell me where are you going?"

This he told me, said, "I'm going on down to Yasgur's  
farm  
Gonna join in a rock and roll band  
I gotta get back to the land and set my soul free"

We are stardust, we are golden  
We are billion year old carbon  
And we got to get ourselves back to the garden

Well then can I walk beside you  
I have come to lose the smog  
And I feel myself a cog in somethin' turnin'

And maybe it's the time of year  
Yes and maybe it's the time of man  
And I don't know who I am, but life is for learnin'

We are stardust, we are golden  
We are billion year old carbon  
And we got to get ourselves back to the garden

We are stardust, we are golden  
We are billion year old carbon  
And we got to get ourselves back to the garden

By the time we got to Woodstock  
We were half a million strong  
And everywhere was a song and a celebration

And I dreamed I saw the farmers  
Just play his ridin' shotgun in the sky  
Turning into butterflies above our nation

We are stardust, we are golden  
We are caught in the devil's bargain  
And we got to get ourselves back to the garden

